

proves that saying true. Who can find it. And doing (as has been said in substance above) makes doing easy, and whoever will do his duty carefully will come to be very useful and happy in the church of Christ.—*St. Louis Observer.*

Home Circle.

WHAT THE LITTLE SHOES SAID.

I saw two dusty little shoes
A-standing by the bed;
They suddenly began to talk,
And this is what they said:

"We're just as tired as we can be;
We've been 'most everywhere;
And now our little master rests—
It really is not fair.

"He's had his bath and sweetly sleeps
'A'wixt sheets both cool and clean,
While we are left to stand outside:
Now don't you think it mean?

"We've carried him from morn till night;
He's quite forgot, that's plain;
While here we watch, and wait and wait
Till morning comes again.

"And then he'll tramp and tramp and tramp
The livelong summer day.
Now this is what we'd like to do:
Just carry him away

"Where he could never go to bed,
But stay away all the night,
Unwashed and covered over with dust;
Indeed, 'twould serve him right."

—*Sunday-school Evangelist.*

WHY THE SERMON WAS DULL.

"The dullest sermon I ever listened to!" exclaimed Sam, petulantly, as he came home from church.

"Yes," said grandpa, with a twinkle in his eye, "I thought so myself."

"Did you, grandpa?" exclaimed Sam, glad to have some one stand by him.

"I mean to say I thought you thought so," replied his grandpa. "I enjoyed it because my appetite was whetted for it before I went to church. While the minister was preaching I noticed it was just the other way with you."

"Just the other way, how?" Sam demanded.

"Why, before you went," answered grandpa, "instead of sharpening your appetite for the sermon, you dulled it by reading that trashy paper. Then instead of sitting straight up and looking at the minister while he preached, as though you wanted to catch every word he said and every expression of his face, you lounged down in your seat and turned half-way around. I never knew anybody who could hear a sermon right from the side of his head. Then you let your eyes rove about the church and out of the window. That dulled that sense. You dulled your ears by listening to a dog that was barking, and the milkman's bell, and the

train puffing into the station. You dulled your mind and soul by thinking you were a terribly abused boy for having to go to church and stay through the sermon, and so you made yourself a dull listener. And I never knew it to fail in my life that a dull listener made a dull sermon."—*Morning Guide.*

THE FRAGRANCE OF A GENTLE LIFE.

BY J. R. MILLER.

Once in crossing the meadow I came to a spot that was filled with fragrance. Yet I could see no flowers, and I wondered whence the fragrance came. At last I found, low down, hidden by the tall grass, innumerable little flowers. It was from these that the fragrance came.

I enter some homes. There is a rich perfume of love that prevades all the place. It may be a home of wealth and luxury, or it may be plain and bare. No matter; it is not the house, nor the furniture, nor the adornment that makes this air of sweetness. I look closely. It is a gentle woman, mother or daughter, quiet, hiding self away, from whose life the fragrance comes. There is a wondrous charm in a gentle spirit. The gentle girl in a home may not be beautiful, may not be well educated, may not be musical, or an artist, or "clever" in any way; but wherever she moves she leaves a benediction. Her sweet patience is never disturbed by the sharp words that fall about her. The children love her because she never tires of them. She helps them with their lessons, listens to their frets and worries, mends their broken toys, makes dolls' dresses, straightens out the tangles and settles their little quarrels, and finds time to play with them. When there is sickness in the home, she is the angel of comfort. Her face is always bright with the outshining of love. Her voice has music in it as it falls in cheerful tenderness on the sufferer's ear. Her hands are wondrously gentle as their soothing touch rests on the aching head, or as they minister in countless ways about the bed of pain. All day long she drops gentle words from her lips and scatters little seeds of kindness about her.—*S. S. Visitor.*

Act according to your faith, do the works of your faith. You believe that God is holy, and that your life should be pure; you believe that God is love, and that we must love even to sacrifice; do this, and I venture to say to you that tomorrow you will have more faith.—*Eugene Bersier.*

Only he whose heart throbs in love and pity for his brother in the uttermost parts of the earth can at all appreciate the significance of Calvary.

A STRONG FAMILY.

"You just ought to feel my muscle, papa," said Johnny. "Ain't it big and hard?"

The blue blouse and the flannel shirt were pushed up into wrinkles at the shoulder, and a very soft and pink arm presented itself proudly for inspection.

"Pretty good for seven years," said papa smiling. "I hope some day to see you as strong as a family I know, who carry the world on their shoulders."

"What's their name?" asked Johnny, forgetting his muscle at this first hint of a story.

"Their name is Never," answered father, with a queer little wrinkle at each eye corner, as if a smile was curled up there.

"Never! What a funny name," exclaimed Johnny. "What are their other names?"

"Oh, there are a lot of them! There's Mr. Never-drink; he has such clear eyes, and such a steady step, you'd know him anywhere—a strong fellow is Mr. Never-drink; always ready to lift his end of the log.

"Another is Mr. Never-swear; you'll know him by the company he keeps, and I suppose he grows strong by not wasting his breath. Then there's Mr. Never-lie, everybody trusts him; and Mr. Never-be-unkind, everybody loves him; and Mr. Never-forget, who loses nothing; and Mr. Never be idle, who does the world's work; and Mr. Never-be-discouraged"—

Papa stopped and laughed aloud; for Johnny was in the midst of a big yawn. "You don't seem to care much about my strong people, Jack," he said.

"I like stories about sho' 'nuff people," owned Johnny.

"All right. Once there was a little boy who wanted to be very strong—oh, as strong as Samson! So he went to the strongest man on N street and asked him how he got so strong and hardy. "By never touching strong drink," said the strong man on N street. He asked another steady fellow. "Never swear," said the man; "it takes you into low company where God and men are dishonored." Another said, "Never lie. A single lie takes away a man's courage"—

"Who was that little boy, papa," interrupted Johnny.

"He was that little boy that I want my little boy to be," answered his father. "I want him to make friends with the Nevers, because they are the friends of God, and their family motto is, "Thus saith the Lord. Thou shalt not."—*Elizabeth P. Allan, in Presbyterian.*